

Turn the Volume Up by Luddleston

Category: Voltron: Legendary Defender

Genre: Alternate Universe - College/University, Awkward Sex, Established Relationship, Friends With Benefits, M/M, Matt has rickrolled Keith during sex once and he will do it again, Penis In Vagina Sex, Protected Sex, no gendered language used for Matt's anything, trans Matt

Language: English

Characters: Keith (Voltron), Matt Holt, Nyma (Voltron), Rolo (Voltron)

Relationships: Matt Holt/Keith

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Summary:

Matt's roommates keep the TV on way too loud. Keith's trying to focus on the sex here, okay, he really is, but it's kind of hard to fuck somebody while you're stuck listening to sitcoms from the nineties.

At least it's better than Matt's "sexy playlists."

Turn the Volume Up

Author's Note:

WOOo first time writing katt and also first time writing trans Matt in a sexy thing (tho he is trans in a bunch of the other non sexy stuff i've written) SO kind of nervous about both of those? BUT the world needs more katt and the world also needs more trans matt so IM DOING THE THING.

Anyway, they've been hooking up for a while in this but Keith is, imo, pretty damn awkward about sexual things so he doesn't really know what he's doing yet. Like, Matt's not the first person he's slept with, but he probably is the second.

Also, big thanks to @giraffvinu for betaing for me :D

"You know what's really hard?"

"Your—"

"If you say 'your dick', I'm gonna pull out and fucking leave."

"Ruin my fun, why don't you."

Keith seriously considered shoving a hand over Matt's mouth, but one: he couldn't hold up a dirty talk conversation all by himself, and two: Matt talking was the only thing covering up the noise coming from downstairs. Maybe Keith should've let Matt put on that sex playlist he made. Even if he damn well knew it had Rick Astley's *Never Gonna Give You Up* on it eight times.

"Okay, what, other than your dick—"

Keith put on his best glare. It didn't work. Matt was building up an immunity to Keith's glaring.

"In my defense, your dick *is* hard."

"It's not gonna be if they keep playing—what the fuck *are* they watching down there?" Keith tried not to pay attention to what Matt's roommates were doing, especially on nights where the house smelled like weed and/or brownies. Rolo and Nyma were pretty okay roommates most of the time. Keith especially appreciated the way they didn't scream bloody murder if they walked in on him and Matt half-clothed.

Keith supposed his own roommate situation being so inconvenient for sex was his own damn fault. He was the one who'd decided to sleep with Pidge's brother, so he was the one who deserved it if she told him under no circumstances was he allowed to bang Matt within earshot.

And 'earshot' was a pretty long distance when Matt was involved.

A laugh track drifted up from downstairs. "I think they're watching Seinfeld," Matt said. A bass line followed. "Yeah, definitely Seinfeld."

Keith groaned and buried his head into Matt's shoulder, because a sitcom from the nineties might have been a worse soundtrack for sex than being repeatedly rickrolled. He'd consider the mood entirely ruined but Matt seemed determined to keep going, if the way he was rolling his hips back to fuck himself on Keith's cock was any indication. Keith was sure there was *something* in the world that would turn Matt off. He hadn't figured out what it was yet, though.

"Ah, Matt, seriously, how are you still turned on?" Keith was absolutely sure his dick wouldn't be hard anymore if it wasn't for Matt wiggling around down there. Matt arched so his back pressed flush against Keith's chest, which was only slightly ruined by the observational comedy going on downstairs.

Well, aside from the TV blaring, this was exactly what Keith had been imagining when he decided to fuck Matt from behind, so he had a right to be turned on even while listening to Seinfeld in the background. Keith thrust into him again, and that had Matt making all kinds of pleased noises,

melting into the pillows with Keith all over him, sucking at a mark on the back of Matt's neck that was still there from the last time they'd hooked up.

That one had been, due to Matt being unimaginably horny and starting up a game of footsie in the middle of the *fucking library of all places*, in the bathroom that nobody used in the basement of the library. Keith had shoved Matt up against the sink and fucked his thighs, all the while wondering if this whole friends with benefits thing had been a good idea after all. Not because of emotions and shit, but because Matt was still ridiculously loud even in a public bathroom where anybody could walk in, catch them, and get them expelled.

(Realistically, though, Keith would die of embarrassment before they could dole out whatever punishment you got for sexual misconduct in university buildings.)

There was another plucky bass line from downstairs, and Keith remembered how fucking annoying his current situation was. Mostly because he had doubts about certain things. Like actually being able to finish while he was listening to this.

Why weren't they just watching some boring procedural cop drama like usual? At least those had soundtracks so loud it drowned out anything stupid, and they didn't have loud, canned laughter interrupting every couple of minutes. Despite all logic, the sound of a full studio audience of people laughing while Keith was trying to have sex made him sort of self-conscious.

"You do realize you can fuck me like, more often than once per minute, right?" Matt asked.

"I already am," Keith argued, because he was moving, okay, just slowly. He was lacking some focus, that was all.

"Just checking," Matt said. He sounded like he was grinning. He was grinning because Keith was way too easy to egg on, and had already picked up the pace, moving closer and closer to the hard, fast rhythm he knew Matt liked.

Huh. They'd done this enough times that he knew what Matt liked. That was weird to think about.

Matt begged, "*harder*," as Rolo and Nyma started hysterically cackling in time with the laugh track. God. If Matt rented a different apartment next year, Keith was gonna go with him just to make sure the place had thicker walls than this one.

He did go harder, though.

It got another series of satisfied noises out of Matt, which actually sort of helped. He was louder than the distant television, so Keith worked at getting as many noises out of Matt as he could. It wasn't difficult, especially not once Matt leaned heavier against the mattress so he could get one hand underneath himself.

Keith would've done that for him, except that Matt insisted Keith didn't do it right, and always ended up batting his hand away to get himself off. Keith had decided it didn't bother him, because even when Matt was largely focused on touching himself, he was still saying Keith's name. And Keith wanted Matt to get off almost (almost) as much as Matt wanted to, and he wasn't too experienced with, quote, "Matt's whole situation."

He remembered saying that with an awkward grimace and his pants around his ankles while Matt reassured him that it was fine, because he was *very* experienced with Keith's whole situation.

Keith rolled his hips faster, because Matt was giving him a pretty strong argument for ignoring the noise from downstairs. "*Shit*, you're so wet," he said, tangling his fingers in Matt's hair, his opposite hand gripping Matt's hip. "Are you close?"

"That is, historically, mm, what happens when I'm close." Matt turned his head to the side so his face wasn't as smushed into the pillow and so he could grin at Keith.

"Shut up, I'm trying to talk dirty."

"I guess dirty talk does involve a lot of like—" Matt paused to moan and grind himself up against Keith's cock, "—stating the obvious."

"I guess." Keith couldn't really think of anything to do but agree, because Matt was squeezing around his cock in a way that flipped Keith's higher brain functions off like a lightswitch. It also, historically, meant Matt was about to come.

"It's okay, it's still sexy," Matt reassured him, followed by a breathy sigh that did a better job at reassuring Keith. Matt thought it was sexy. "Anything's sexy in your voice, fuck."

Keith, for once, joined Matt in moaning loud enough to wake the neighbors, because he was starting to get addicted to the feeling of Matt coming around him in a hot, slick rush that made Keith want to fuck him until it happened again and again. Some nights, they did that. Tonight, Matt's roommates were still watching Seinfeld.

Matt's fingers were still moving, rubbing himself off, and Keith could feel it at the place he was fucking into Matt, and he wasn't sure how the hell he got to a point where a touch that light could tip him over the edge, but he wasn't complaining. He was, instead, cursing into the side of Matt's neck where his face was currently smushed.

Keith still wasn't sure how Matt could come before him and *still be finishing* when Keith was done, but when his shoulder rolled and he dropped his hand from its place of residence between his legs, Keith knew he could pull out without Matt complaining too much. He had to spit Matt's hair out of his mouth, but they were both used to getting somebody's hair stuck in somebody's mouth at some point. He unstuck himself from Matt's back and was halfway to the attached bathroom before Matt started whining.

"Hey, no, don't get up."

Again: Matt wouldn't complain *too* much.

"Just a second."

"Don't 'just a second' me, I wanna cuddle!"

"And I wanna not be wearing a condom."

Matt seemed to take that as a valid argument, but he still grumbled belligerently until Keith returned.

Keith settled back into Matt's slightly cramped bed, covering both of them with a blanket that, like way too many things Matt owned, was galaxy print. As they settled together, Keith realized there was silence from downstairs, and he breathed a sigh of relief.

That is, until a theme song he recognized only because he'd been acquainted with Lance for too long started playing.

"Are they watching Friends now?" he asked.

"Oh fuck, thank god they waited 'til after we were done to do that," Matt said, "I don't think I could've gotten off listening to Friends."

Keith had absolutely no idea what happened on that show except that Lance said he was a Monica. Or maybe a Rachel? He knew there were at least two women named Monica and Rachel and Lance thought Keith was reminiscent of one of them. "Really? That's where you draw the line?" he asked Matt, because he was fairly certain if Matt wanted to, he could get off with literally anything playing in the background. His second sex playlist, which Keith had banned forever, was just 'What's New Pussycat' played over and over. There was another song stuck in the middle, Matt said, but they didn't get to that point, because Keith made him turn it off.

"Absolutely that is where I draw the line," Matt said. "There is a line, I have drawn it, and if you want a round two, one of us is gonna have to go yell at them to watch something sexier."

"What, like Masterchef?" Keith prodded Matt in the side, which made him squirm and whine.

"One time," he complained, nuzzling into Keith's shoulder until his stubble started to sting against Keith's skin, "one time, I keep watching Masterchef while you feel me up, and now it's oh, Matt gets turned on by Gordon Ramsay."

"You do, though."

"I'm gonna kick you out of my bedroom."

Keith just settled in more fully, because Matt had never made good on that threat before, and if the way he was snuggling up to Keith again was any indication, he wasn't about to start now.

Author's Note:

Visit me on tumblr/twitter/pillowfort @luddlestons :D